

Amateur Strategy

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Perceval's den in Berkeley hall was hung with the usual conglomerate collection of trifles on which college youths pride themselves. Strangely enough, however, though otherwise complete, it lacked one of the essentials—indeed, a vital essential—of a student's room decorations. There were no photographs.

The other fellows had pictures of girls in evening gowns, girls in street costume, girls in golf garb, girls on horseback, girls afoot—always girls. But not a girl's picture adorned Perceval's den except one lonely small miniature, and that stood far withdrawn, hidden on the back of his desk.

Randolph Chase hauled it out on one occasion before Perceval could reach him with a detaining hand.

"What a queer little girl!" Randolph said.

"Put it back," Perceval said shortly, his face aflame.

But the other fellows crowded behind Randolph and looked at the picture over his shoulder.

"Such a mop of hair and such a little face!" said one of them.

"Put it back!" Perceval's tone rasped with irritation. "Put it back, Randolph!"

Randolph, after one glance at the younger man's countenance, set the miniature back on the desk hastily. "Oh, if you feel that way about it," he apologized.

But the next night when he was alone with Perceval he said: "I don't want to be inquisitive, but I was awfully interested in that girl's face. Who is she?"

Perceval was standing at the window, looking out upon the elm bordered street, where the big electric lights cast great shadows.

"That," he said without looking around—"that girl, as you call her, is Mrs. Perceval Moore."

"What!" Randolph's tone expressed extreme incredulity. "You surely don't mean?"

Perceval whirled around. "That I am married? Yes."

Randolph whistled. "Well, of all things!" he said. And after that there was silence.

Then Perceval came over and flung himself into a chair opposite Randolph. "I've simply got to tell somebody, Chase," he said. "I'm in an awful fix, and she's the dearest and truest and best little thing in the world."

Randolph reached over and picked up the miniature again. "She truly looks it," he said after he had studied it for a long time.

Perceval choked a little before he answered. "She's an angel, Randolph."

"Then what's the matter?" Randolph questioned.

Perceval leaned forward.

"I've deceived her. She doesn't know that I am in college. She thinks I am earning a good salary in business."

"Well, son," said Randolph Chase, "it seems to me that sort of deception is a kind that a girl can forgive easily enough. I guess she won't be wildly indignant when she finds that next year—it is next year that you come of age, isn't it?—you'll have a big pile of money coming to you. Any girl would be tickled to death to find that."

Perceval shook his head. "Not Annabel," he declared. "Isn't her name dear and old fashioned, Chase?"

"Yes," Randolph agreed. "But why will she object to a million, Perceval?"

"Because she will say that I lied to her," Perceval said slowly. "And Annabel can forgive anything but a lie."

"Out with it!" Randolph probed. "Tell me the whole story. It must be a queer one, and if you don't mind my saying so, old man, she must be a queer girl."

"That's just what she is," said Perceval. "I met her last year at the beach. She was such a quaint, queer little thing that she attracted me. She always wore white, and I would find her sitting on the sand singing little songs to herself. There was an old sea captain to whom she talked a good deal, and I got him to introduce us."

"Well, she had read a lot of books on social equality, and she just simply didn't have any use for the gilded youth with money. What Annabel wanted was a man who worked, preferably with his hands, but, failing that, one who lived in the thick of the fight for existence. And she meant it too. And that is where I fell."

"I was head over heels in love with her," continued Perceval forlornly, "and I simply wouldn't let her go. So I let her believe that I was working my way up in business. The first lie was simple enough and looked like one of those things that could be squared easily enough afterward. But, oh, Chase! I had to back that lie up with details on details until I had lied to her at least ten lies to the hour. Well, we were married before I left in the fall. I wasn't of age, and she wasn't, and she wouldn't leave home until I could support her without hampering my business career."

"I knew I had to come back to college or get dad down on me, so I told her to stay," groaned Perceval. "But I made her marry me for fear something might come between us, and I couldn't stand that, Randolph. But think how I'll appear to her, for I've lied in every letter, telling her how business was, and all that."

The young fellow's voice broke.

ADVERTISE IN THE WATCHMAN.

Randolph held out a sympathetic hand.

"She'll forgive you, all right," he said. "But you sit right down tonight and confess, old man. It's not only the right thing, but the best policy, to be perfectly frank with her, and if she's in love with you she'll forgive you."

But Perceval shook his head. "I don't dare," he said huskily. "I am so afraid I'll lose her, Randolph, and she is the dearest thing in the world."

"You have said that before," Randolph remarked patiently. "I think you are making an awful mistake, but it will have to work itself out if you won't take any advice."

Then he went to his own room and smoked another pipe on it, and after that he wrote a letter.

And in three days came a letter to Perceval. "Dear boy," it began, "I must come to you at once. Things at home are in a dreadful state. I will tell you when I reach you. I know you haven't much for us to live on, but I have a little money in the bank that I have saved from my allowance, and I shall follow this note at once. Expect me on the 10:30 a. m. Friday."

"ANNABEL."

"And this," said Perceval desperately as he showed the note to Randolph, "is Thursday. What am I going to do with her when she gets here, Randolph?"

Randolph smiled inscrutably. "Find some rooms in a cheap quarter and set up housekeeping."

Perceval's face brightened. "And go out every morning and make her think I've gone to work? You are a genius, Randolph."

It took the two men several hours to find a little furnished apartment that would seem suitable for a young couple with little money. Perceval grumbled disconsolately. "I hate to put my jewel in such a setting," he said.

"Tell her the truth," Randolph again advised, "and you won't have to put up with such cheap things."

But Perceval refused. The next morning he met Annabel at the station, and together they went to the little cheap apartment, and here Annabel wept on his shoulder.

Her account of the trouble at home was somewhat vague, but she was enthusiastic over the thought of her housekeeping. "It will be lovely to work for you," she said.

But Perceval found it anything but lovely. He hated to see her soft white hands in the dishwasher. It made him wince to see her bending over the flaming stove, and even the joy of her presence could not take away his sense of infinite guilt.

And so he grew thin and pale and worn.

"You are working too hard," Annabel said one night. And when he shook his head drearily his little wife crept out to the janitor's room and telephoned to some one.

"He is punished enough," was her queer message. "Can't you have him go to his old quarters tonight and have it over?"

The next night Perceval said to Annabel: "I have an engagement with Randolph. You won't mind if I leave you, will you, dear?"

"Of course not," she acquiesced. "I can get along just this one time."

Randolph told him that he wished to borrow some of Perceval's books. "I knew they were in your rooms, and I thought you wouldn't mind coming over," said he, "so I took the liberty of asking you to desert your wife for one evening."

As the two men entered the luxurious quarters Perceval sighed. "To think of my condemning Annabel to such hideousness as that apartment we are living in!" he said, leaning down to turn on the low electric lamp on his study table.

The light flared up and showed the cozy room, the little fire already lighted in the open grate, the blue flame burning under the brass teakettle.

"Why, what?" Perceval demanded, like the big bear in the fairy tale. "Who has been living in my room?"

From behind a tall screen came a little figure in white.

"Oh, Perceval!" cried Annabel and threw herself in his arms.

And when Randolph had explained that he had taken chances and had written the truth to Perceval's little wife and Annabel had explained that she had known he was going to school and not to work ever since she had come to him, and, oh, didn't he know that she would love him if he was rich, Perceval drew a long breath of happiness.

"I don't deserve it," he confessed, with his eyes shining, "and we can't live in these rooms, Annabel. But I am going to take my chances with dad, and when he sees what a dear little, queer little thing you are he will give in, and if he doesn't I can earn my living like a man now that I am square with you, sweetheart."

Made the Most of It.

A famous big game hunter visited the Swazis one winter, and the king took a liking to him and loaned him, on his first hunt, the court praiser.

The praiser's business was to laud the king and the king's favorites. The white hunter on his expedition had bad luck. He only shot a rabbit. But as he passed with his retinue through the Swazi village on his return the praiser marched before him chanting in a loud voice:

"The great white huntsman has killed a rabbit! Let all the Swazi people hear. It was as big as an ox, as fierce as a lion and as swift as a buck. The brave white huntsman killed it alone and unaided. He killed it with his thunder tube. Listen, ye people! The white huntsman has killed a rabbit! It was as terrible as a tiger, as large as an elephant, and yet the huntsman from afar, the great white slayer, he alone has killed it!"

ADVERTISE IN THE WATCHMAN.

NORWICH-MIDDLEBURY DEBATE

Interesting Contest to Be Held in Dewey Hall Friday Evening.

There is promise of a very interesting contest in the Norwich-Middlebury debate which will be held in Dewey hall next Friday evening. The fact that this debate is the first intercollegiate debate ever held at Norwich should alone assure a large audience. The debaters on the Norwich team were selected in a preliminary debate last term from membership of the "Norwich Tribunal," the college debating club. Those chosen were Fred M. Earle, Philip R. Shaller and Glenn M. Eastman; alternate, Taraknath Das. The debaters on the Middlebury team are John M. Avery, John A. Viele and Arthur W. Peach; alternate, Woodburn P. Harris.

The proposition to be debated is: "Resolved: That the optional referendum as used in the Swiss national government should be adopted by our government." The referendum question is one of the live issues of the day and its discussion will surely prove of interest to all interested in present day politics. Middlebury will take the affirmative side of the question; Norwich the negative.

The judges will be Judge Zed S. Stanton of Roxbury, Principal E. G. Ham of Randolph and Hon. F. A. Howland of Montpelier. Principal Wright of the Northfield High school will preside. The debate will be in Dewey hall at eight o'clock, Friday evening, and everyone is urged to be present.

If you have backache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble may develop. Sold by all Druggists.

JOHN EMMONS DEAD.

Venerable and Highly Respected Citizen Passes Away at Age of 83. Was One of the First French Settlers in Montpelier.

John Emmons, a venerable and highly respected citizen of Montpelier, and one of its earliest French settlers, passed away on Sunday afternoon at the home of Mrs. P. H. Burgen, his youngest daughter, Mr. Emmons left his old home, where he had lived 42 years, about three weeks ago, desiring to be with his daughter, and death came peacefully Sunday afternoon from old age and a complication of diseases.

John Emmons was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Emmons and was born October 16, 1825, in Drummerville, P. Q., the oldest of seven children. He came to Montpelier in 1847, and in 1849, married Miss Christina Bushie in Drummerville, returning to this city to reside. Mr. and Mrs. Emmons were among the first French Catholic settlers in Montpelier.

In his early life, Mr. Emmons was employed as brick maker by T. R. Merrill, father of City Clerk T. R. Merrill, and remained in Mr. Merrill's employ until the brick yard was purchased by the firm of Lane, Pitkin and Brock, which has since been known as the Lane Manufacturing company. Mr. Emmons was foreman of the yard until the brick business was discontinued.

He has been in their employ as teamster until about five years ago when feeble health interfered with his duties. He was a very faithful employee, never having lost a day's work and the fact that his services were appreciated by the firm is shown by the fact that he received his pay envelope every week since retiring from active service.

Seven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Emmons: Mary, wife of Henry Campbell, dying in 1883; Mrs. Kate Jangraw, Fred, John Emmons of Montpelier, Mrs. Louis Lupien, Plainfield, Henry C. Emmons and Mrs. P. J. Burgen, of this city. Mrs. Emmons died in 1904. He is survived by one brother Fred, of Drummerville and two sisters, Mrs. Adelle Brunelle of St. Johnsbury and Mrs. John Gaddalle of Passumpsic. Mr. Emmons is survived also by fifteen grandchildren and five great grandchildren. He has always taken an active interest in church work and civic interest, and belonged to the old hose company, No. 4, at the time of the great fire.

Foley's Honey and Tar is a safeguard against serious results from spring colds, which inflame the lungs and develop into pneumonia. Avoid counterfeits by insisting upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar, which contains no harmful drugs. Sold by all Druggists.

Sadie—Say, honest now, do you like Maggie? Pauline—Well, she's got a good heart, an' she means real well, but— Sadie—Neither do I.—Exchange.

MRS. LILLIAN R. GRIFFIN.

Former Montpelier Girl Dies Suddenly in Burlington—Her Death An Unexpected Shock to Her Family and Friends.

Word was received in the city Sunday night of the sudden death in Burlington of Mrs. Lillian R. Griffin, wife of William Griffin, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fisher of Franklin street, this city. Mrs. Griffin's health had not been good for many months but her condition was so much improved last week her family were greatly encouraged and her many friends in this city were totally unprepared for the news of her death.

Mrs. Griffin was born in Northfield in September, 27 years ago, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fisher. She passed her girlhood in Northfield and Montpelier and married William Griffin about twelve years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin resided in Barre for a time and later moved to Montpelier. Mrs. Griffin was employed for a time as a dressmaker at the A. H. Temple store where Mrs. Eva Gleason, her sister, is a clerk, and concluded her duties there last September leaving for Burlington where Mr. and Mrs. Griffin have since resided.

Mrs. Griffin is survived by her husband and two children, Maude and an infant child born last night. In Montpelier, her parents, six brothers and three sisters survive her death, Henry T. Fisher, George P., Mrs. Eva Gleason, Miss Alma K., William J., Charles E., Robert C., Ernest L., and Miss Ruth G. Fisher.

PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Dr. P. D. Grout Pleasantly Remembered On His 60th Birthday.

Waterbury, April 26.—On Saturday evening Dr. P. D. Grout, superintendent of the State hospital, was called into the chapel and found there assembled about sixty people including his family and the medical staff of the hospital. The party was assembled to celebrate his sixtieth birthday and was a complete surprise to the doctor. The strains of "He's Old But Awful Tough" were floating from a phonograph, presided over by Dr. Wasen.

Miss Jennie Minkler in a pretty speech presented a beautiful silver ring from the friends gathered there. A fine birthday cake was presented by the steward on which were 60 burning candles. William Deal sent a fine hand made work table made of bird's eye maple. On May 17, the 37th anniversary of Dr. Grout's advent into medicine, the birthday cake will be cut and distributed to the patients. The occasion was much enjoyed by all present.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

The University opened for the spring term at retreat Tuesday, April 13.

Now that spring is at hand the instruction in horsemanship is usually held on the parade or elsewhere outside.

The Norwich-Middlebury prize debate announced in another column will be worthy of the attendance of every citizen.

The baseball team has held outdoor practice this week and getting into fine shape for its first game which is scheduled for May 1st on the university parade.

The seniors held another of their series of dances in Dewey hall, Friday evening. There were 13 couples present and a fine time was enjoyed by all. The college orchestra furnished music for the occasion.

A meeting of the Sophomore class was held Thursday and G. D. Stahl was elected to the executive committee to fill the vacancy caused by Helyar's resignation. H. N. Gordon was elected captain of the class baseball team. It was decided to hold the annual class dance, Friday, April 30.

The university stables have been remodeled and six new stalls added. Four colts have been procured and are being trained. Several of the cadets have brought their own horses here and there is more enthusiasm than ever over horsemanship.

Words to Freeze the Soul.

"Your son has Consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens, a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C., by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, its the safest, surest cure of desperate Lung diseases on earth. 50c. and \$1.00. Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free. C. Blakely, Geo. E. Sanborn of Northfield, C. F. Leavitt of Plainfield.

ATTENDED MARINE DINNER.

S. S. Ballard was Guest at Dinner Given On Board the New Ocean Liner "Lapland" of Red Star Line.

Smith S. Ballard returned Saturday evening from New York where he attended a dinner given Thursday evening by the officials of the International Mercantile Marine Company to its agents, on board the new ocean liner, "Lapland," of the Red Star Line. About 250 agents of the company were present, the territory represented being the Middle West, and New England. Mr. Franklin, the vice president of the company, received the guests, each one being presented to him by Richard A. Farley, the New York agent of the company.

The ship will ply between New York and Antwerp, Belgium, and sailed Saturday for the latter port, also touching at Dover, England, en route. The "Lapland" is one of the most finely appointed liners in the service, having accommodations for 2536 passengers in all the classes, while the appointments of the ship embrace a department store, photographic dark room, wireless telegraphic service and other modern improvements.

NEW BUILDINGS FOR NORTHFIELD.

A Splendid Public Building for the U. S. Weather Bureau Assured and the Probability of a Handsome Bank Structure.

A government building will be erected in Northfield this year for the United States weather bureau and the probabilities are that a bank building will also go up during the season, with the possibility of one or two other buildings of some importance as well as a number of dwelling houses.

The weather bureau building is to be located on the east side of Central street extension, partly on land recently deeded to the government by Norwich University and partly on adjoining land purchased from the Alpha Sigma Pi fraternity and also deeded to the government. The building will stand east of and about opposite of Dewey hall and will practically be another handsome structure to the growing group of Norwich University buildings.

The plans for the new building have been received by Local Forecaster W. A. Shaw and sealed proposals for its structure will be received by the Agricultural Department until May 15. The new structure will be a substantial two story building with a penthouse and balcony on roof and a large basement. It will be constructed of brick with granite trimmings, the exterior being of a handsome architectural design.

The building will not only be commodiously arranged for the work of the weather department but will also provide for a modern and convenient dwelling for the officer in charge of the bureau. The structure will be one of the latest and best types of buildings furnished by the government for its weather service and will be supplied with every facility for the best possible work of the weather department. It will probably be completed and occupied before the end of the present year.

The United States weather bureau was located in Northfield 23 years ago in one small room in the old barracks, now Jackman hall, and at that time the only building on the University grounds. Serg. Cox, now holding a high position in the government weather service in Chicago, was for sometime in charge of the newly established bureau. The present efficient local forecaster, W. A. Shaw, a graduate of Norwich University, has been in charge here for the past 13 years. When Dewey hall was erected the weather bureau was given larger and better quarters in that building and the service has been constantly improved. It is now considered one of the important stations of the country and the proposed new building is in recognition of this fact.

The erection of a building this year for the recently organized Northfield Trust company is now being seriously considered with prospects of its becoming an accomplished fact before the end of the year. The proposed building will be on the Mayo property at the corner of Main and East streets.

If the present plans are carried out it will be about 50 feet on Main street, two stories with a store in the basement. The material will be brick with granite trimmings and of attractive architect. The interior will be commodious and modern and furnish a handsome home for this young but thriving commercial institution.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulents (25 cents per box) correct the liver, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The Following Letters are Waiting to Be Claimed at the Post Office.

Ladies, Mrs. Edith Adams, Mrs. H. L. Amadon, Mrs. L. Bailey, Mrs. Hald, Mrs. P. L. Leclaire, Mrs. P. L. Lamphier, Mrs. A. R. Lovette, Mrs. Mary E. Pratt, Gents, Ernest Batchelder, Adam Boyce, Coventry No. 16 Langdon, F. B. Danforth, William Franklin, E. O. Huntley, Georgia McLeod, France Roy, S. U. Silver, George Snyder, Robert G. Stone, W. A. Stone, M. E. Tucker, A. Winch, E. O. Woodward, No. 4 Witt Place.

We often wonder how any person can be persuaded into taking anything but Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble. Do not be fooled into accepting "own make" or other substitutes. The genuine contains no harmful drugs, and is in a yellow package. Sold by all Druggists.

DESIGNER AT SEMINARY.

H. H. Lyon Shows Promise of Becoming Caroonsist.

H. H. Lyon of North Craftsbury, the pitcher on the Montpelier Seminary base ball team, is a designer and illustrator of no mean ability. He has been a student at the Seminary before in the art department and is now taking special work there. He is also just completing a correspondence course in his line of work, having one more sketch to make in the final examination.

Mr. Lyon has drawn a large amount of different work and was recently engaged to draw the parts of a sap separator for the purpose of securing certain patents applied for by the inventor. He has several specimens of story illustrations and cuts drawn for cover pages of books.

His cartoon work is the most conspicuous and it is this line of work that Mr. Lyons would like "to land" in. He has drawn several which show considerable ability both for the idea and the lines of pen and ink work. He has one of President Roosevelt presenting his successor in office with the "Big Stick" and a series of pictures designed for comic supplements, which have merit.

Mr. Jordan's Money Talked.

Expended \$3.35 for L. & M. Paint to fix up his house. If for sale it will fetch a good price. The painters said it was the 3 gallons of oil they mixed with 4 gallons of L. & M. that did the job at 1-3 less cost than ever before. It won't have to be painted again for 12 to 15 years, because the L. & M. Paint is Metal Zinc Oxide combined with White Lead and wears and covers like gold.

Sold by Barrows & Peck, Montpelier, Maxfield & Cutler, Plainfield, C. I. Hatch & Co., Waterbury.

CANNOT RUN AN AUTO.

Secretary of State Denies License To A. T. Henderson.

Burlington, April 26.—State's Attorney H. B. Shaw received from G. W. Bailey, secretary of state, his decision regarding the granting to Albert T. Henderson of a license to operate automobiles and motor vehicles, the decision being unfavorable to Mr. Henderson. This case aroused much public interest, it being the first of the kind tried in the state. It was the outcome of an automobile accident that occurred last fall on South Willard street, when A. J. Taylor was killed, being thrown from a car driven by Mr. Henderson.

The letter received by State's Attorney Shaw reads as follows:

"In re application of Albert T. Henderson of Burlington, Vt., for operator's license to operate automobiles and motor vehicles:

"I have heard and considered the evidence presented by applicant, Albert T. Henderson and State's Attorney Shaw of Chittenden county, and I fail to find that the applicant possesses the qualifications of caution, and regard to the rights of other persons using public streets, such as my judgment compels me to require him to have, to entitle him to a license for operating automobiles and motor vehicles in the state."

"I am hereby compelled to deny this license."

"Dated Montpelier, Vt., this 25th day of April, 1909."

"G. W. BAILEY, Secretary of State."

People past middle life usually have some kidney or bladder disorder that saps the vitality, which is naturally lower in old age. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects urinary troubles, stimulates the kidneys, and restores strength and vigor. It cures uric acid troubles by strengthening the kidneys so they will strain out the uric acid that settles in the muscles and joints causing rheumatism. Sold by all Druggists.